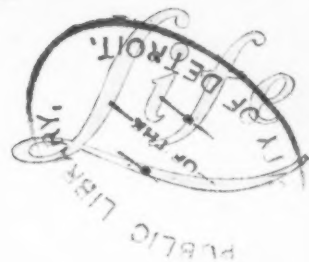


JAN 26 1909



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PARIS—CHAMONIX.....	16.35	24.50 (10 days)		4.20



Sparks from old Anvils

To our readers: LIFE will pay one dollar for each contribution printed under the above title. Extracts should not be over 400 words in length, and the source should be invariably given. The entire field of literature can be drawn upon. But contributors should bear in mind, as far as possible, that the extract should contain an idea more or less complete in itself. Familiar quotations and epigrams are not desired.

Aprons

"Aprons are defences; against injury to cleanliness, to safety, to modesty, sometimes to roguery. From the thin slip of notched silk (as it were, the emblem and beatified ghost of an Apron), which some highest-bred housewife, sitting at Nurnberg Work-boxes and Toy-boxes, has gracefully fastened on; to the thick-tanned hide, girt around him with thongs, wherein the Builder builds, and at evening sticks his trowel; or to those jingling sheet-iron Aprons, wherein your otherwise half-naked Vulcans hammer and smelt in their smelt-furnace—is there not range enough in the fashion and uses of this Vestment? How much has been concealed, how much has been defended in Aprons! Nay, rightfully considered, what is your whole military and Police Establishment, charged at uncalculated millions, but a huge, scarlet-colored, iron-fastened Apron, wherein Society works (uneasily enough); guarding itself from some soil and stithy-sparks, in this Devil's-smithy (Teufelschmiede) of a world? But of all Aprons the most puzzling to me hitherto has been the Episcopal or Cassock. Wherein consists the usefulness of this Apron? The Overseer (Episcopus) of Souls, I notice, has tucked-in the corner of it, as if his day's work were done: what does he shadow forth thereby?"

Carlyle—Sartor Resartus.

On Hamlet

"How did you like my reading of the character, gentlemen?" said Mr. Waldengarver, almost, if not quite, with patronage.

Herbert said from behind (again poking me), "massive and concrete." So I said boldly, as if I had originated it, and must insist upon it, "massive and concrete."

"I am glad to have your approbation, gentle-

Uneeda Biscuit

What makes them the best
soda crackers ever baked?

What makes them the only
choice of millions?

What makes them famous
as the National Biscuit?

National-Biscuit-Goodness— Of Course!



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men," said Mr. Waldengarver, with an air of dignity, in spite of his being ground against the wall at the time, and holding on by the seat of the chair.

"But I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Waldengarver," said the man who was on his knees, "in which you're out in your reading. Now mind! I don't care who says contrary; I tell you so. You're out in your reading of Hamlet when you get your legs in profile. The last Hamlet as I dressed, made the same mistakes in his reading at rehearsal, till I got him to put a large red wafer on each of his shins, and then at that rehearsal (which was the last) I went in front, sir, to the back of the pit, and whenever his reading brought him into profile, I called out 'I don't see no wafers!' And at night his reading was lovely."

Mr. Waldengarver smiled at me, as much as to say, "a faithful dependent—I overlook his folly"; and then said aloud, "My view is a little classic and thoughtful for them here; but they will improve, they will improve."

Dickens—Great Expectations.

J. & F. MARTELL

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The Pacific Monthly

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The volume of advertising in January, 1909 issue increased 37% over January, 1908 issue and February will show a still larger increase.

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The Theatre Magazine Bound

Complete Year 1908

A handsome volume of over 400 pages, containing the 12 numbers issued during 1908 and beautifully bound in attractive green cloth.

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Parlor Table

12 colored plates, 1,500 engravings. Notable articles; portraits of actors and actresses, and scenes from all the plays produced during 1908.

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The most sumptuously illustrated, the most splendidly printed, full of anecdotes, reminiscences, and stories of stage life. In Uniform binding with the above volume is the complete

Year of The Theatre for	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906	1907	Price, \$25.00
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The magnificent colored covers which appear on each issue are all bound in the Yearly Volume

The Theatre Magazine Co., 22 West Thirty-third St., New York

LIFE



CARYATIDES
FOR A TEMPLE TO
MILLINERY

Poets In the Making

"America lacks poets." — M. Perrin. of France.

NATURALLY. Poets have, unfortunately for themselves, to be born, and we've less and less time for that sort of thing. But if it ever comes about that poets may be made, there'll be a different story to tell, for we are certainly great on the make.

Raging

"**R**OOSEVELT isn't much like Spring."

"Who said he was?"

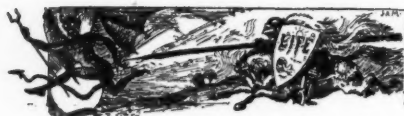
"No one. What I mean is that he came in like a lamb and goes out like a lion."

MANY men make the mistake of letting their reputation influence their character.

Mr. Taft's Remarkable Courage

AT the breakfast table one morning a small boy was repeating what a neighbor had said as to Mr. William Taft's good qualities: his dignity, friendliness, wisdom, and so on, adding earnestly: "And Mr. Brown says that he has abdominal courage!"

EVENING coats cover a multitude of yaps.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LIII JANUARY 28, 1909 No. 1370

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
 J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



IF we would rather see woman suffrage tested by further experiment before we adopt it ourselves, we have only to sit tight awhile longer and continue to read the European news. It seems to be further along in England than in America, and it has become a subject of lively discourse in Italy and France. A writer in *Figaro*, disclosing that 30 per cent. of the applicants for admission to the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts* are women, declares that a revolution is going on; that the world is being womanized, that women are getting hold hard in the trades, arts and professions, and seem likely to capture political power. Signor Ferrero, the Italian historian, who talks so ably about so many different things, points out that it was very much so in the days of the Roman Empire, when greater wealth and security broke the bonds of women, and led to the victory of the feminine over the masculine spirit.

That the growth of wealth and security should help to let women loose is an interesting idea, which seems to have something in it. War is a great specialty of man, and the less preponderant the importance of the specialty becomes, the more favorable the times are for women to do and get whatever they choose. The common perils of life—getting on and off of street-cars and dodging automobiles—women are about as competent as men to encounter. Moreover we have laboriously raised up by toil and legislation a whole order of women who

have the great advantage over men that they don't have to work for their livings, and can do what they will with a large proportion of their energy and their time. To a considerable extent in these days, while Man is grubbing for his bread and butter and opera box, Woman is humping herself to enlarge her sphere. That is one of the most amusing jokes on Man that ever was. How it is going to turn out we do not know, nor greatly care.



MAN is indispensable. There is use for him in the world in some capacity, and there is no sound objection to his finding his level. His natural timidity has doubtless been a good deal increased by his too copious use of alcohol (which is bad for courage), whereas women have grown relatively bold by the cultivation of more abstemious habits. The practices of religion, and belief in it, which make for grit and lofty aspirations, have come to be much more sedulously cultivated by women than by men. And women now inherit and possess in their own right their full share of inheritable money, and also keep what they earn or win, and that adds to their power. If by consequence of all these and other advantages, and of long periods of peace, they are becoming superior to men, here's hoping that they will attain fully to that controlling influence in affairs to which the improvements that have been made in them entitle them.

We don't at all doubt that, whatever happens, they will be as kind to the men as the men deserve, and maybe when the men are released from some cares that they have been used to undertake, they will have more time for self-improvement and bettering their condition.



MEANWHILE, the Harvard Corporation has once more selected a man to be president of Harvard College. The name "humanized Puri-

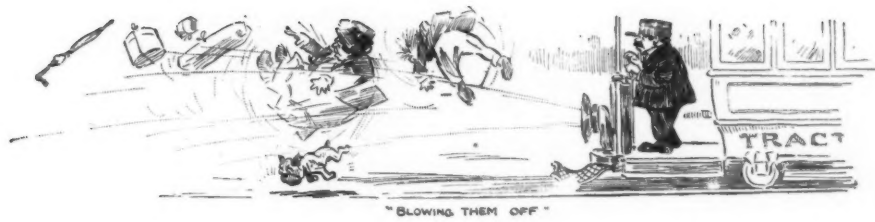
tan" that some one invented to describe President Eliot fits just as well the new president-elect, who is to succeed him. Mr. Lowell is another "humanized Puritan," who has been growing steadily in grace, breadth, learning and fellowship for the last thirty years. His election assures that the new president of Harvard will be a highly qualified man, in vigorous health, very acceptable to the faculty of which he is a member, acceptable to the students who have crowded his lecture-room, and acceptable to all graduates who like to see the Harvard tradition of government by Massachusetts families preserved as long as the families can produce men fit to continue it.



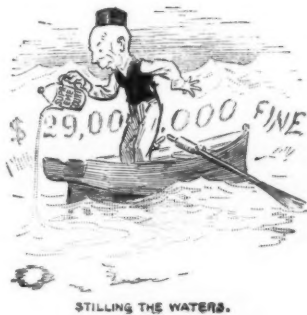
SOME secondary effects of Mr. Lowell's election are worth noting. It will gratify the Harvard class of '77, of which he is a member,—a class in which there was an unusual proportion of vigor and talent, but which, being the first class to enter into the liberties that came with the elective system, earned rather a reprobate reputation, and has ever since been more than commonly solicitous to make a name for itself. Governor William E. Russell was a member of it, but died with his laurels only half gathered, and it lately lost untimely another distinguished and growing member in Edward H. Strobel.

Athletes will find justification in Mr. Lowell's election, because he was in his day a record-breaking mile-runner; lawyers will find evidence in it that the study and practice of law are not incompatible with excellent character and a very high degree of usefulness; writers will commend him as a distinguished writer, teachers as a notable teacher, and, finally, persons who have had the indiscretion to pass the half-century mark may justly say that he offers proof that men of fifty are not so nearly dead as men of thirty would have the world suppose.

Mr. Lowell is a first-rate man, matured, disciplined and mellowed; devoted to human progress and the diffusion of truth. He is going to make Harvard an admirable president.



January





The Foxy Old Ultimate

Can it be said that in the illimitable and inconceivable there is an Ultimate? Must there not always be infinity beyond?—*Goldwin Smith, in the Springfield Republican.*

THE Ultimate is big game. Theodore Roosevelt has been chasing him around the country for eight years, and hasn't got him yet. He ran a race with him over the principal railroad tracks, and he played hide and seek with him in the halls of Congress. Now Theodore is going to look for him in Africa.

Professor James, of Harvard, has been after the Ultimate also. He invented, or rather adapted a modern trap called Pragmatism, and put some nice words in the entrance for bait, but the old Ultimate is a sly dog. He wouldn't get caught.

Dr. Lyman Abbott has been "beating up" the Ultimate for some years—almost ever since we can remember. He has tried various methods—smoking him out, advertising for him in the *Outlook* and talking him to death. But the Ultimate is still at large.

We guess the Ultimate knows his business.

But if he is ever to be caught, we suspect that some woman will do it.

The Mission of the Irish

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT'S recent explanation of the mission of the Irish was very interesting. "I personally believe," he said in an after dinner speech, "the infusion of a spiritual element into our too materialistic modern civilization is the highest aim our people

can set before them." Undoubtedly the spiritual element is strong in the Celtic races, including not only the Irish, but the Scotch and Welsh. In England, both the Archbishops of the Church of England are Scotchmen. In this town the proportion of male piety among citizens of Irish descent must be very considerably above the average. In many cases though it is geared as yet to curious occupations. We presume that Mr. Murphy, the Mr. Sullivans (Greater and Less), Mr. Ryan and Mr. Cochran are all more or less busy infusing the spiritual element into our civilization, though they may seem too much disposed to keep our civilization for their pains.

THE tuberculosis exhibit, which has become general throughout the country, is designed to give an object lesson in the cure of the white plague to the poor people. It is rather interesting to think that we should be at such pains to show the poor how they can prolong their lives, without giving them any inducements to do so.

Unimportant

CONSIDERABLE comment has been made by our papers over the fact that the *Illustrated London News* recently referred to our Presidential ticket as follows:

Mr. James S. Palmer, Vice-President-elect of the United States, may possibly look forward—, etc.

That the *Illustrated News* does not know the name of our coming Vice-President is regarded as a fit subject of

mirth. But the only difference between ourselves and the *News* is that they don't know who Mr. Sherman is, and we are trying to forget it.

A WOMAN is a suffragette when she has no influence over men.

Styles

THE story of how the hideous style in woman's clothes originated is as follows:

The Parisian dressmakers depend upon American trade more than any other. Last year's panic compelled American women to wear their old clothes, which they had altered in accordance with the change in style. The result was that the Parisians found their receipts dropping off at an alarming rate. They thereupon got together, and evolved a style of gown which was cut so high in the waist that it wasn't possible to make an old gown over to conform to it.

In the Next War

HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD,
THIRD ARMY CORPS, U. S. A.

GENERAL STOCKBRIDGE,

COMMANDING FIRST DIVISION.

You will advance your division up Pine Ridge as soon as the Moving Picture Machine is in position, using your old powder, saving the smokeless until out of range of the camera. There has been an increase in royalties from the Histroscope Picture Company.

Yours,

GENERAL BLUFFINGTON.

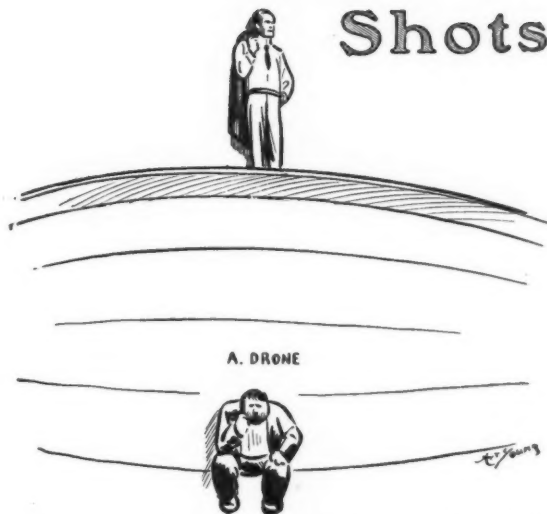
COMMANDER THIRD ARMY CORPS, U.S.A.



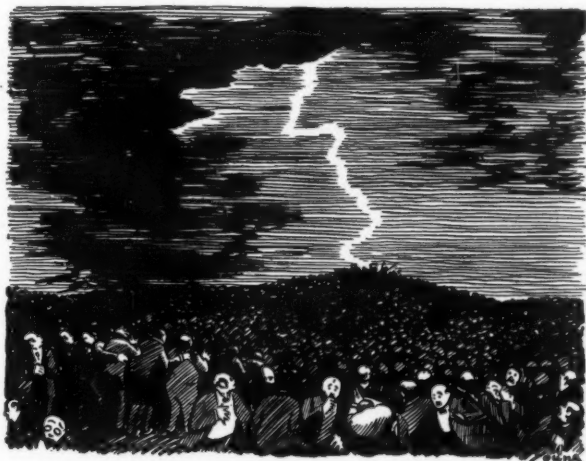
"WHAT NEXT?"

JIM HUSTLE

Shots at Truth



"There is not a parallel of latitude but thinks it would have been the equator if it had had its rights."—Mark Twain.



"Justice, like lightning, ever should appear
To few men's ruin, but to all men's fear."—Svenam.

Should Wives be Self-Supporting?

SHOULD wives be self-supporting? Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman thinks they should. We are tending, she says, toward the higher marriage, which requires a full grown woman, who is no one's property or servant, to be self-supporting and proudly independent.

Go to, Mrs. Perkins Gilman: that's not so. Proud independence between husband and wife is not at all conducive to ideal marriage. On the contrary, it is conducive to activity in the divorce courts. Mutual interdependence suits the marriage state much better, and it is in such interdependence that most married folks who live together get

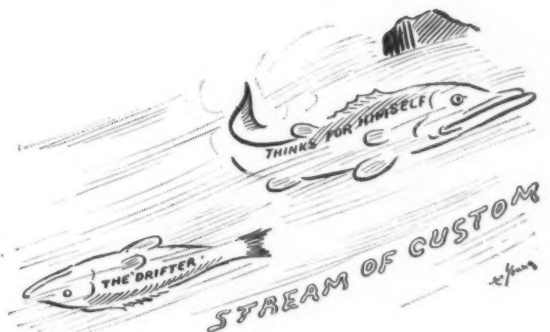
along. That a woman should not be entirely dependent on her husband for money is an advantage to both of them. The custom of giving dowries to girls and securing to them a reasonable degree of pecuniary independence is a mighty good custom (though subject to sordid abuses), and one which will doubtless grow in this country as wealth increases here and our civilization gets settled habits. But by far the greater part of our American marriages are made without dowries, and they do pretty well.

Marriage is already too much delayed among our professional workers because the man has first to learn to make a living. If women could not marry until they were self-

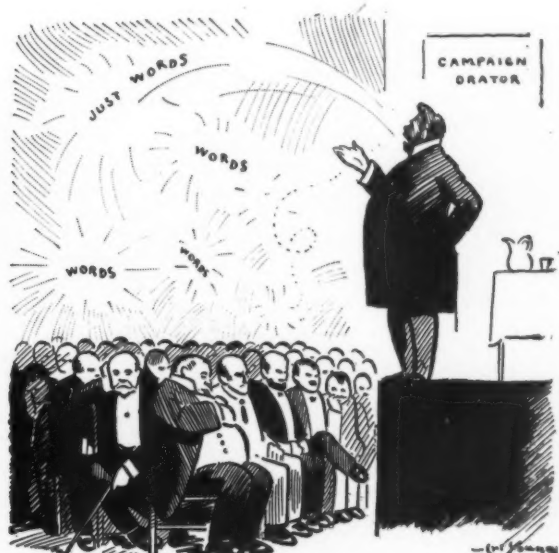
supporting things would be worse than they are.

It is a great advantage to most families to have some degree of leisure secured to the wife, and at least to have her relieved of the need of going out to work. Professor Palmer relates that his wife gave up a salary of \$4,000 of her own to share his salary of \$3,500 (we quote from memory), and become dependent upon him for support. And yet, Mrs. Gilman, that was a pretty good marriage.

Don't you think, ma'am, that the prosperity of marriage depends more on the folks who undertake it and their sentiments toward one another, than on "proud independence"?



"Any dead fish can float down a stream; but it takes a live one to swim up."



"What are words but empty sounds, that break and scatter in the air and make no real impression."—Thomas a' Kempis.

A Call on the Editor



SCENE: Editorial Rooms.
Enter a young lady, rather brilliantly dressed, holding in her hand an envelope. The office boy advances.

SHE: Is Mr. — (meaning the editor) in?

OFFICE BOY: Yes'm, but he's busy. (He has been trained to say this to everybody.)

SHE: May I see him, please?

OFFICE BOY: Couldn't you leave it?

SHE (handing him a card, and ignoring his obvious implication): Will you please hand this to Mr. —? I am sure that he will see me. It is very important.

Office boy takes card in to editor. Following conversation ensues:

"Did you tell her I was busy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you ask her to leave it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well (wearily) show her in."

Young lady enters Sanctum Sanctorum with outstretched hand.

SHE: This is ever so kind of you, to take your time from a busy life to see me. But I shall only take a few minutes. (Throws off her cloak and arranges herself as comfortably as possible in the chair provided.) Could I talk to you? (This apparently superfluous phrase is rendered necessary by the attitude of the editor, who has inadvertently allowed

his eyes to stray toward some proofs lying on the desk.)

EDITOR: Certainly. Go on.

SHE (fixing him with her eyes): I have written something that I feel sure is just what you want. The idea came to me suddenly. It ought to be used right—

EDITOR (brutally): Could you leave it?

SHE: Oh, certainly. That was my intention. But I wanted to tell you about it first. I have read it to a number of my friends, and they thought it was—fine! I wasn't going to bring it here first, but they all advised me to. They said it would be a shame not to have it printed.

EDITOR (beginning to hedge): We are very much crowded just at present. If it is anything that would have to be used immediately, I'm afraid—

SHE: Oh, no; not necessarily. Of course it ought to be used soon—say next week. (She opens up envelope.) If you will permit me, I will read—

EDITOR (struggling to suppress his horror, and not quite succeeding): I'm afraid that wouldn't do. You see we have a system. It wouldn't be fair to others. If you will leave it, I will give you a quick answer. (Chuckles inwardly as he thinks how quick it is going to be.)

SHE: But won't you let me tell you about it? You see, it's about—

EDITOR: It would be better to have you leave it.

SHE (pursing up her lips): Oh, dear! I shall be so disappointed if you don't like it. Suppose you read it now? I will turn my back if you like. I am so anxious to know what you think of it. I know you can tell me, of course. There is nobody who knows any better than you.

EDITOR (wincing slightly under the flattery, obvious as it is): I'd like to oblige you, but (suddenly getting back his courage, and assuming a more decisive attitude) you see, Miss —, it wouldn't be fair to the others. It must take its regular course.

SHE (musingly): Yes, I understand. You have your rules. Couldn't you look at just the first page? I think it has rather a nice title, don't you?

EDITOR (opening the envelope and fastening the title with his eye): Very nice. (Briskly) I'll let you know about this (stands up), Miss —, at the earliest possible moment. Will you call for it or shall I send it back?

SHE: Send it back! Why, I thought you were going to keep it?

EDITOR (smiling weakly): Of course, of course, if it is accepted we will notify you at once, and send you a check.

SHE (rapturously): Oh, wouldn't that be grand? I want to tell you how the idea came to me. It was—

EDITOR (gently): I think I would rather not know. I want to read it from an unprejudiced standpoint.

SHE: Dear, dear, how strict you are! (Rising) I am so glad to have met you. I can't tell you how glad I am. Perhaps, when you have more time I could call—say to-morrow. I—

EDITOR: The next day might be better—that is, in case you don't hear from me before—but (hopefully) I hope to give you an answer much sooner than that.

SHE: Thank you, thank you ever so much! And (with a slight suggestion of the kittenish) mind you take it.

EDITOR (smiling brightly): Let us hope so. (Awkwardly) Well, good morning.

SHE: Good morning. I can't tell you how awed I feel to have met you. And you must like it.

EDITOR (vaguely): Yes, thank you. Good morning, good morning.

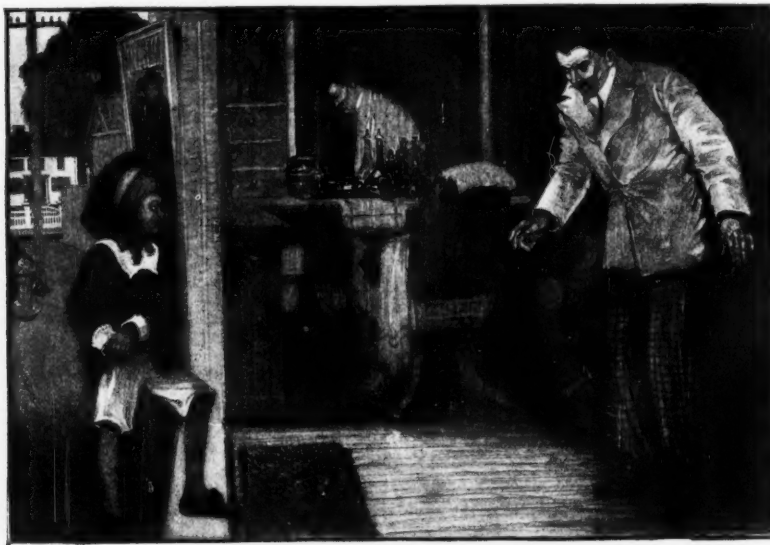
She rushes out.

Ten minutes later the office boy enters.

EDITOR (handing him manuscript): Here, wait till to-morrow morning, and send this back with form letter number three.

OFFICE BOY: And if she comes in again, will you see her?

EDITOR: Not if you value your job!



A STRIKE FOR FREEDOM

"SAY, MISTER, I'LL GIVE YOU THREE MARBLES AN' A TOP IF YOU'LL CUT THESE DARN CURLS BEFORE MA FINDS ME."

Inevitable

WHEN the baby howls at night
Just make up your mind to this:
you

May yield or you may fight,
But you cannot dodge the
issue.

Spade

A SPADE gains distinctly in pruriency by being called an orchid, and inasmuch as pruriency is what a dominant puritanism wants in its art and literature, spades in their own character get themselves brought forward but seldom. Now and then a Slav, or a Latin, or a Norseman, discovers in his works such a color of degeneracy that we really have to know him in order to hold up our end in a polite conversation; but otherwise that form of indecency which consists in holding the mirror up to nature, whether she's dressed for it or not, is almost never met with among us.

Ramsey Benson.

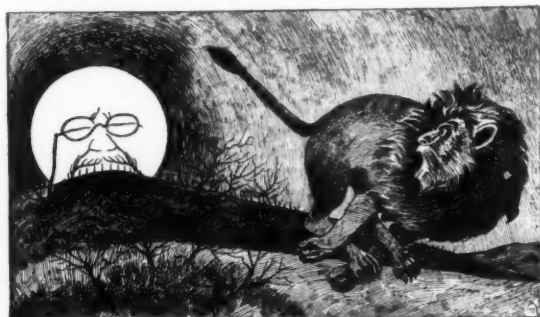
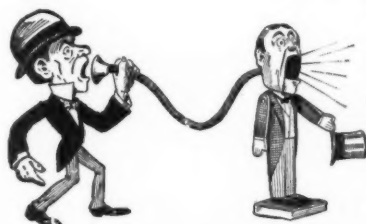
The Platitudinous

THE Platitudinous exists in all stages of our national life, from the minor editorial to the President's messages. In the latter, however, it is seen in its most virulent form.

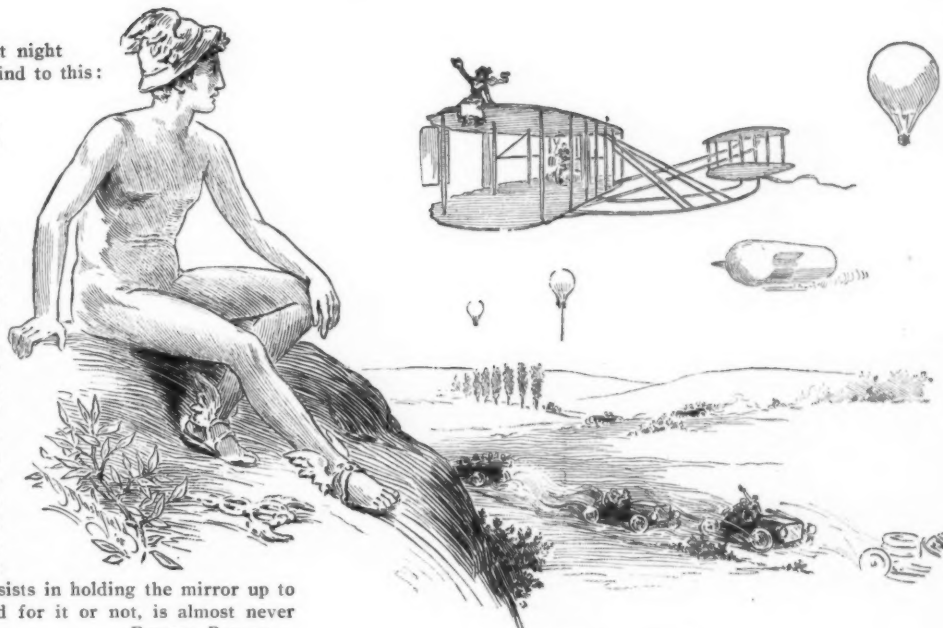
To be platitudinous is to be precise in expressing something that has been expressed so often before that

we wish it wasn't so true. But it is even more than being precise; it is rather an unusual care shown to drive home a truth that we have come to dislike on its own account.

There is nothing new under the sun but personality. It is possible to express an old thing over again, if it is done through a personality that is interesting. But so few personalities are interesting, that it is a grave question whether any



A NATURE FAKE IN AFRICA



"GREAT ZEUS!"

truth ought to be expressed by any one without a commission sitting before hand to ascertain whether their personality is interesting enough not to bore us.

It is more important that a truth should fail in its mission, than that it should become so platitudinous as to make it permanently inactive.

Of Henry Fielding it has been said:

He scorned to drape the truthful nude
In smooth, decorous platitude.

He would not have hesitated, however, had he lived in this age. He would probably have been an agent for the Comstock Society.

President Roosevelt's observations about race suicide are good examples of the platitudinous. Raising children under any circumstances is hard enough, but now that it has been solemnly declared to be the right thing to do, in well worn phrases, one begins to have a positive dislike of the thought.

Reunion

IT was the day of the Resurrection.

"All infants to be damned," said St. Peter, with a kindly reassuring smile, "will please step this way."

A large number followed, in obedience to his summons.

"Don't crowd, please," said Gabriel. "Remember, there will be time for all to pass through the toboggan slide."

Suddenly one little soul came up timidly.

"Have I got to go down there?" he asked of St. Peter.

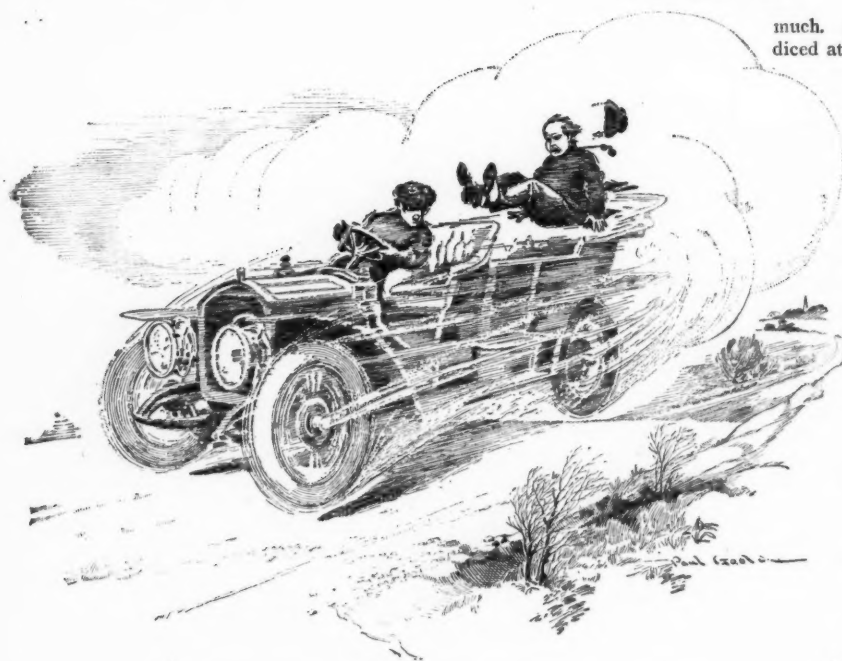
Patting him on the head, the old gentleman replied:

"Why not, sonny? You haven't been baptized, have you?"

"Well, not exactly. But I've had my appendix removed, my tonsils taken out, my eye muscles cut, my kidneys removed and my ear drum pierced."

St. Peter went over to the card index system, but returned in a moment.

"It's all right, sonny," he said. "They're all here, so I guess you can come in and join them."



"SIT TIGHT, UNCLE, I'M GOING TO LET HER OUT A LITTLE"

Notice: To the Parental Instinct



OPPORTUNITIES among married people for falling out are said to be on the increase. What with incompatibility of temper and a lack of agreement about various other things, the continuity of married life is often broken off.

Unfortunately when the break comes, there are frequently children to be disposed of. These creatures are often companionable and interesting, and the fact that, so far as they are concerned, the partnership in them is equal, makes the division a hard one. In this emergency, they sometimes alternate, passing six months at a time with each parent. Sometimes the mother keeps them and the father visits them regularly. Sometimes the father and mother preserve the outward appearance of unity in order that neither of them will have to give up the children.

None of these makeshifts is necessary. The probability is that either parent is capable of managing the children better, if left alone, than both are intermittently. Certainly uniformity is better for the child.

What is really needed is an antidote for parental instinct, and it ought to be quite easy to discover this. Most of our emotions have already been traced to microbes, cultures of which, acting upon the cells of the body, produce vibratory impulses in certain directions.

It is also a matter of observation and experience that parental instinct often does harm. It indulges the child too

much. It yields to his importunities, when an unprejudiced attitude would be more effective.

If, therefore, every parent who desires to separate from his or her partner will take, say, one tablet after each meal for a week or so, and have the objectionable parental instinct properly neutralized, the children can then be disposed of in a businesslike manner, and we can obtain our divorces without being annoyed by any undesirable feeling of attachment for the innocent result of our previous matrimonial blunder.

A Handy Compendium

of phrases, for the use of highly intellectual people, who desire to impress others with their importance:

"The race is pressing onward."

"The spirit of comity in public life, which is now coming to be recognized more and more——"

"Our ultimate good requires——"

"We should never forget that we are creatures of destiny."

"Our ethical needs were never greater than to-day."

"Sociological problems of immense importance confront us."

"We must conserve our natural forces. Already we——"

"The highest morality teaches us that we have yet much to learn."

"Is our Democracy, of which we are apt to boast, to be yet proven a failure?"

"Our national life demands——"

"We must preserve our ideals; otherwise——"

"How much of our deterioration can we lay to the spirit of unrest, which is all about us, on every hand."

"What does history teach us? Why, that——"

"There is an instinctive feeling of immortality at which Science stands abashed."

"There are evidences all about us that the simple faith of our fathers is wavering. To what, then, must we look in the future?"

"A problem in economics confronts us; so vast in its proportions, so overwhelming in its conclusions that we may well pause——"

"We are on the threshold of——"

SUPPLEMENT.

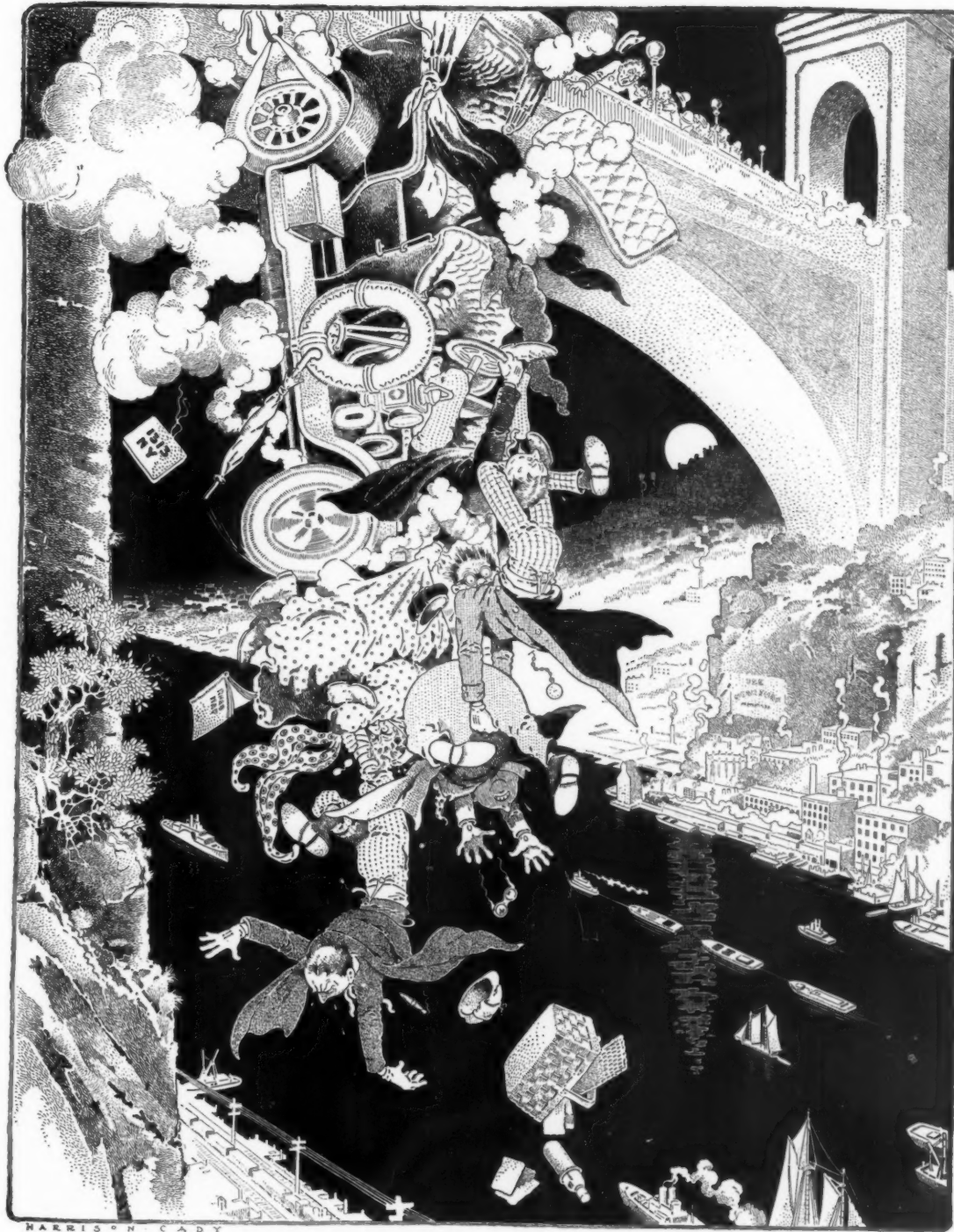
Handy phrase, to be used by masses of people, who cannot afford those given:

"We are up against it."

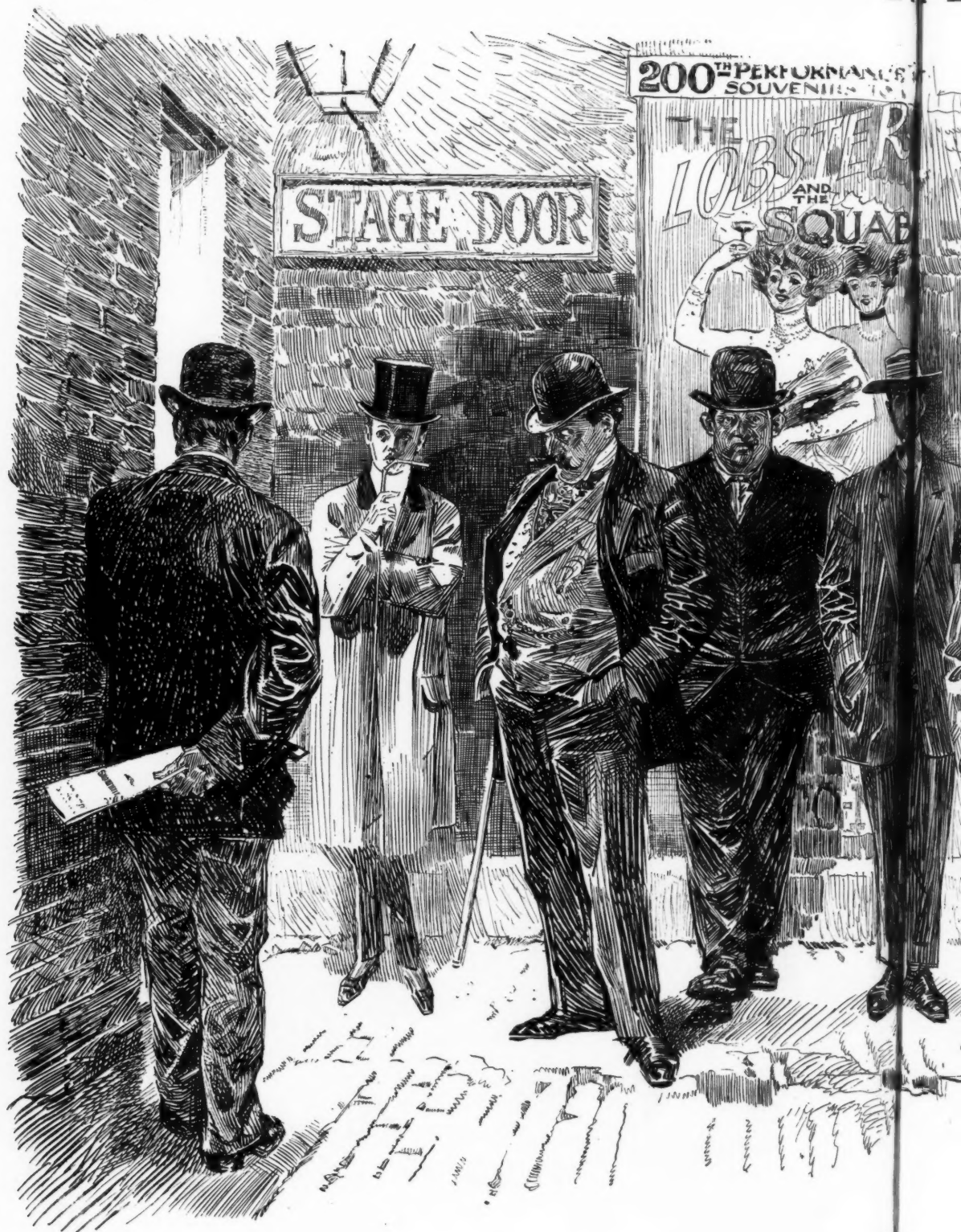
His Attitude

SLIMSON: Now, Willie, you knew you were lying to me at the time, but evidently you didn't have the moral courage to tell the truth. I want you to tell me just how you felt.

WILLIE: Well, papa, I guess I felt the way you act toward mother sometimes.



Officer (at top of Bridge, excitedly): CAN YEZ HANG ON DOWN THERE WHILE I GET HELP?
Mr. Straphang: CERTAINLY! WE'RE ALL FROM BROOKLYN.







From Hypnotism to the Louisiana Purchase



EVERY little mind incapable of originality, but with the ability to appropriate other men's ideas and put them in available or commercial form, will find encouragement in "The Vampire." Its hero, *Paul Hartleigh*, who by a sort of hypnotic power is able to steal the ideas of other cleverer men and thereby make a literary and artistic reputation for himself, puts up a specious and, it must be confessed, interesting special plea for this kind of grand and petty larceny. Apparently the authors themselves, Messrs. Woolf and Viereck, are convinced by their own logic, for in some of the lines of the play they have not been able to resist the temptation to plagiarize.

It is no news they set forth in *Hartleigh's* defense of his practices that Shakespeare got some of his plots and scenes from others and in the crucible of his own genius subjected them to processes that have made them immortal. It is news, though, that Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, Balzac, and even Christ himself, used the same methods. Under *Hartleigh's* theory every petty thief in literature may justify himself, if he have ego enough, that like the worthies before mentioned he is a heaven-sent genius with the right to pick the mental pocket of any one else if it will enable him to hold up the torch of his own intellect in the sight of mankind.



PLAY with the title of "The Vampire" suggests in advance either the "rag and a bone and a hank of hair" of Kipling, or the occultism and diabolism of the Middle Ages. Neither of these elements enters into the piece. It is modern in setting and processes, its mystic features being explainable on certain generally believed but mistaken notions of scientific hypnotism. About these the authors have woven a story of more than ordinary interest and shown an unusual amount of dramatic expertness in developing it to its climax. It takes us outside the realm of probabilities but the atmosphere the authors create dulls our reasons to any resentment of this. It seems not exactly a play to catch the fancy of an unimaginative public and yet it is down to the level of pretty ordinary understandings. It is certainly more rational entertainment than holds the boards in most of our high-priced theatres.

The acting in "The Vampire" is unusually good. Mr. John E. Kellard as *Hartleigh* has a part evidently very much to his liking and to whose requirements his abilities are well adapted. In spots he makes it theatrical almost to the verge of the grotesque, but in the main it is dignified, polished and his diction is a delight to the ear. Mr. John Westley is fulfilling the promise he gave as the older brother in "The Three of Us." He showed in one important scene an emotional power most unusual among our younger actors. If Mr. Westley has not reached that point, reached so early by American

actors, where they are beyond accepting advice, it might be suggested that he would do well to devote some attention to the adorning of his natural force with some of the acquired graces. Katherine Florence was the heroine and brought to the part a sweetness, a gentleness, an intelligence, and a lack of affectation that helped much to make the play credible. The performance shows admirable stage management, credited on the programme to Mr. Albert Cowles.

"The Vampire" is a fanciful story dramatically told and with more literature in it than usual. But the gentlemen who make a living by literary petty larceny should not take too much encouragement from its preaching.

* * *



REOLE life, although American, has such a delightful foreign and romantic tinge that it is strange American dramatists looking for local color which should be free from the commonplace have not made more generous use of it. Mr. Cable's stories have made us familiar with it in a literary way, but on the stage it has been practically neglected. To Mr. E. C. Carpenter's "The Barber of New Orleans" it supplies a novel and most agreeable atmosphere. The period—1804—allows of costumes in which both men and women are

picturesque. As it is a curious fact that many of our actors who cannot appear to advantage or at ease in the clothes of our own time, it is a distinct gain to provide for them attire of almost any other period.

Mr. Faversham, himself, who is *Victor Jallot*, the hero of Mr. Carpenter's play, profits immensely by the transfer to the garb and manners of another time. His staginess is less noticeable and what natural advantages he possesses are emphasized. He makes of this young Louisiana Frenchman a most agreeable character, in fact the most agreeable one of his long career. The costume of the period is also most becoming to Julie Opp, and the beauty of the picture she makes renders us in a measure oblivious to the crudities in her delivery and carriage. As *Antoinette*, the heroine who is suspected of the taint of slave blood, the demands on her acting powers are not heavy and her personality makes her suffice. In a large cast the notable performances are a delightful hit by Mr. Morton Selten, as a charmingly cowardly editor; Mr.



"HONEST, MR. LANDLORD, I'LL PAY THE OTHER TEN WORMS THE VERY FIRST THING IN THE SPRING."



Kind Hearted Lady: YOU POOR LITTLE FELLOW! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT IN THAT GARB ON A BITTER DAY LIKE THIS?

The Poor Little Fellow: AW, GO CHASE YERSELF; DON'T YOUSE RECONIZE A MARATHON RACE WHEN YOU SEES ONE?

Bendtsten, as a quadroom lad, and Mr. H. Cooper Cliffe, as a Spanish adventurer.

* * *

"The Barber of New Orleans" somehow suggests in its title that famous old romance, "The Gunmaker of Moscow," and its plot has about as many twists, turnings, and ramifications as that celebrated serial. It has a main plot and a lot of little plots that keep bobbing in and out without any manifest reason except to interfere with the simplicity of the story. The period is that of the Louisiana Purchase, and part of the interest hinges on the unwillingness of the creoles to come under the American flag. The color question in the case of the heroine is a principal complication but is eventually settled to the satisfaction of almost every one concerned. It is not a well-constructed play, but it holds the interest fairly well, and its novel setting gives it a considerable amount of charm. Each character pronounced the numerous French words in the text with an entirely different accent, which makes one wonder how the creoles were ever able to understand one another. But

even so the performance is not at all bad entertainment.



VERY one makes mistakes. LIFE did a few weeks ago, when it said that the paragraph below in italics had probably made its last appearance in these columns. The error arose from the fact that it was generally believed that the proper influences had been brought to bear on New York's Board of Aldermen, and that that remarkable body of persons had the intention and knew enough to put the sidewalk ticket-speculators out of existence. It now appears that the aldermen were either fooling the public or hadn't intelligence enough to pass an effective ordinance. Which suggests that the Board of Aldermen is the verminiform appendix of the city government and that it is about time to operate.

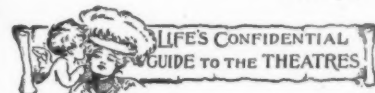
This sends the whole question back to the theatrical managers. That enlightened body of jurists, the Court of Appeals, has decided that theatres are not public places. Therefore, the managers

do not have to admit persons who have bought their tickets of speculators. If such persons cannot get in they will not continue to buy tickets of speculators and therefore the speculators will not be able to speculate. Which leads us to remark, as we have often remarked before, that

A speculator on the sidewalk means a crooked manager inside.

The managers may put up as an excuse that magistrates like "Battery Dan" Finn will not punish the speculators they cause to be arrested. It still remains that the remedy is entirely in the hands of the managers.

Metcalfe.



Academy of Music—"The Music Master," with Mr. David Warfield in the title part. Pathetic comedy with admirable character acting.

Astor—"The Man from Home." The humor of one kind of Americanism in Europe.

Belasco—"The Fighting Hope." Contemporary drama well acted by Blanche Bates and good company.

Bijou—"A Gentleman from Mississippi." Messrs. Wise and Fairbanks showing the funny side of official life in Washington.

Broadway—"A Stubborn Cinderella." Notice later.

Casino—"Mr. Hamlet of Broadway." Mr. Eddie Foy's burlesque impersonation of Hamlet with musical comedy as a background.

Circle—"The Queen of the Moulin Rouge." Musical farce at its lowest ebb.

Criterion—"Samson." Mr. William Gillette in the leading part of French drama with speculative finance as the solution of the matrimonial triangle.

Daly's—"The Barber of New Orleans," with Mr. Faversham. See opposite.

Empire—"Mr. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows." Scotch character made laughable as only Mr. Barrie can do it.

Garden—"Mary Jane's Pa." Mr. Henry E. Dixey in a clean and delightful comedy of American rural life.

Garrick—"The Patriot." Very light comedy with Mr. William Collier providing most of the fun.

Hackett—"The Vampire." See opposite.

Hippodrome—Air-ships, ballet and circus. Everything on a large scale and interesting.

Hudson—Last week of "Lady Frederick," Mr. Maugham's agreeable English comedy with Ethel Barrymore and good cast.

Lyric—"The Blue Mouse." German farce. Ludicrous, but not for the young person.

Majestic—"The Three Twins." Musical farce. Amusing.

Manhattan Opera House—The principal cage of Mr. Hammerstein's operatic song-birds.

Maxine Elliott's Theatre—"The Chaperon." A charming theatre, with a light but amusing comedy.

Savoy—"The Battle," with Mr. Wilton Lackaye. An interesting dramatic exposition of both sides of certain socialistic problems.

Stuyvesant—"The Easiest Way," with Frances Starr. Notice later.

Weber's—Joe Weber's company in burlesques. Notice later.

Wallack's—Marie Cahill and good company in "The Boys and Betty." Musical play with some novelties.

BOOKS

THE title of Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson's last volume of essays, "At Large," is an epitome of the author's literary life. He is more at large than any other man of letters in England. He writes with perfect sureness of touch about abstract qualities and present day problems, about statesmen, and poets, and bishops, and school-boys, about the pleasures of traveling abroad, and the pleasures of staying at home. For the past twenty years he has had so much to say (and has said it so well) upon every conceivable subject, that our only doubt is as to whether there are topics enough left in the world to keep him going until he dies.

When a writer at once so prolific and so versatile remarks that he likes to think of the many intelligent people who are "wearisomely familiar" with ideas which are only beginning to dawn upon his mind, we detect a quality of irony in the note. Most of us have not had time since we were born to think at all upon half the matters which Mr. Benson treats so conclusively. Most of us have no opinions, and desire none, where his are fully matured. On one point only we have perhaps thought too much and too confidently, and may well listen to a word of warning. Mr. Benson's courageous rejection of the strenuous life, his courageous denial of the gospel of success, his courageous contempt for the "ethics of a professional bowler," fit him in a very especial manner to preach to American readers. Our ardent egotism—unduly stimulated in late years—is much in danger of confusing the noble and the base.

IF there were only a real world like the world of fiction which Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith describes so alluringly in his last novel, "Peter," wouldn't we "speak first" to live in it? A world where chivalrous youth does honor to simple and noble old age; where modest worth and gentle breeding are courted by the magnates of finance; where aristocrats beautify the simple life, and fair young girls dispense charming but frugal hospitality; where greed is despised and goodness is triumphant; where Hebrew tailors lend ten thousand dollars without security; and where high-grade iron ore is discovered on land thought to be worthless just in time to set the wedding bells a ringing.

"I left the lovers loving and the parents signing checks;"

pleasing and proper occupations for both young and old.

And, after all, what better can a novelist do than take his readers for a brief spell to the Islands of the Blest? Heaven knows we would stay there if we could.

IT is worth while to be a school-boy in these enlightened days when grown-up people, immersed in child study, are striving with bent brows to solve problems which never existed for our grandfathers. It is worth while to be of importance for once in life, to be "tested" with sympathetic assiduity, to have our infantile opinions respectfully quoted, and our first faltering compositions printed in educational works. Such tributes to our early youth would make our adult insignificance easy of endurance. Mr. Colin A. Scott's careful study of "Social Education" leaves its readers duly impressed with the supreme and overwhelming importance of understanding the child at every step of his career, of making his citizenship date from his schooldays, of moulding him, through the principle of organization, into an active and intelligent member of the state. The book is sincere, earnest, ardent. There is no flaw to be found in its reasoning. We wish Dr. Keate could have had the advantage of reading it before he became Head Master of Eton School, and hammered out good scholars and brave men by help of processes we hardly like now to consider. "Keate didn't mind your lying to him," said Sir Francis Doyle to Lord Blachford; "what he hated was a monotony of excuses." "Mind your lying to him!" retorted Lord Blachford, "why he exacted it as a token of respect."

UNDER the title, "An Alabama Student and Other Biographical Essays," Dr. William Osler has published thirteen addresses delivered before medical clubs and societies. His thirteen subjects are all presumably physicians, though Keats steals into the group by virtue of his apprenticeship to a surgeon, and his brief contact with apothecaries and hospitals. Sir Thomas Browne, though Dr. Osler rightly says, "We who are members of his profession may take a special pride in him," belongs to the world of letters rather than to the world of science; and the really interesting thing about Thomas Dover's career is that while buccaneering in the South Seas (delightful sport which lent to cupidity the name of patriotism), it was his happy fate to discover Alexander Selkirk on the island of Juan Fernandez, and so stand sponsor for the immortal history of Robinson Crusoe. It is a far

cry from these worthies to Dr. William Pepper, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, to whom Dr. Osler pays a tribute equally honorable and admirable. One can but regret that among thirteen widely varied types no place should have been found for Ambrose Paré, the noblest and most vivid figure that the long annals of surgery can show.

Agnes Repplier.

The dulllest book season in thirty years.—*Report from London.*

THE problem of producing the dulllest books is one of increasing importance. We can well believe, however, that it has been better solved this year than for thirty years back.

CUSTOMER (in broker's office):
What investment would you advise?

BROKER: Let's see. You are from Minneapolis, aren't you?

"Yes."

"Why not buy St. Paul preferred?"



IN THE HALLS OF AGONY

"There is no proof that the millions of animals that have been cruelly tortured and sacrificed to the whims of scientists have produced the slightest benefit to science."—Dr. J. S. Harndall, Royal Veterinary Surgeon.



MADAME ZAMBEZI GIVES A DINNER DANCE

Woman's Number of Life

An Invitation to All Women Writers

EARLY in the Spring LIFE will issue a Woman's Number, the text of which will be written exclusively by women. LIFE extends herewith a general invitation to the women writers of this country to contribute to this number. Contributions will be paid for at LIFE's regular rates.

The editors reserve the usual privilege of rejecting all contributions not suited to LIFE's purposes.

This is not a contest. It is an opportunity thrown open to women to express themselves. It is not necessarily confined to well-known writers. No manuscript will be rejected because the writer's views do not happen to coincide with those of this paper.

Among the subjects suggested are Woman Suffrage, the Care of Husbands, Matrimony, Divorce, Babies, Children, Spinners, Home Decoration, Gardening, Music, Drama, Travel, Woman's Clubs, Shall Women Speak in Public? Local Government, Woman's Dress, Education, Servants, and their management, all domestic topics, etc.

Oftentimes the cleverest and most original thought of the week may be expressed in one line.

All contributions should be sent in before March 1, 1909, addressed to the Editor of LIFE.

Saved by Love

EVENING in Brooklyn.

The young husband gazed at his wife with wistful eyes. He had a request to make, and he was trying to summon up courage enough to make it.

"Dearest," he said at last, "please don't be angry, but do you know, I have always had an intense desire to spend a night in New York. I have read such thrilling tales of the Great White Way, that I thought I should like to see it for myself. If you will only let me go, I promise you that I will take nothing but ice cream soda. And I will be home by midnight."

His wife looked at him sternly.

She shook her head.

"No, John," she said firmly, "it cannot be. Little do you realize the wild excitement of that restless life. Why, you would not live to tell the tale. Do not think of such a thing. I fear that your reading those horrid New York papers has unsettled your mind. You little know what fate would be in store for you. No! You cannot go. But if you are real good, and will go to bed every night this week at eight o'clock instead of eight-thirty, as is our wont, why next Sunday, dear, we shall take a trolley trip to Jamaica."

And kissing him tenderly, she tucked him up in bed, while he dreamed fitfully of chorus girls and Welsh rabbits and fizz.



Peace

THE CZAR: I will build two big battleships.
JOHN BULL: I will build four.
THE CZAR: I will build eight.
JOHN BULL: I will build sixteen.
THE CZAR: Let us have peace.—*Hamilton (Canada) Spectator.*

Equally Guilty

The proprietor of a certain hotel in Maine is not only one of the kindest and best hearted of men, but also one of the most profane. He swears without knowing it and means no offense. He spends but little time in the office and is practically unknown to many of the guests. One day, however, he was in conversation with the manager when a lady interrupted them.

"I want my room changed," she said. "It is on the side overlooking the kitchen, and I am annoyed by the swearing of some man down there every morning. I am a church woman and will not stand it another day."

The remarks were addressed to the manager, for she did not know the proprietor or that the one who did the swearing was he.

"Do you happen to know who that man is?" he asked, before the manager could reply.

"No, I do not," she answered.

"Well, I do," the proprietor continued; "and he doesn't mean any more when he swears than you do when you get down on your knees to pray."—*Lippincott's.*

Didn't Need Help

Four-year-old Helen wished to get into the play-room, but the gate (which had been put at the door to keep her baby brother in) was locked. She tried again and again to climb over it, when at last her mother heard her say, "Dear God, please help me get over this gate." Just then, she tumbled over, and said, "Never mind; I got over myself."—*Harper's Magazine.*

A New Way to Pat

Two Irishmen were discussing the various books they had read.

"Have you read 'The Eternal City'?"

"I have."

"Have you read Marie Corelli's works?"

"I have that."

"Have you read 'Looking Backwards'?"

"How on airth could I do that?"—*Ladies' Home Journal.*



"LOOK WHAT SOME DARNED FOOL SENT ME FOR A BIRTHDAY PRESENT."

A Frigid Roast

HOB: Would you like to see women voters at the polls?

NOB: Yes, indeed. At the North and South Poles.—*Seawanee Tiger.*

MISS SION: So you don't approve of foreign missions?

A. THEIST: Heavens, yes! I consider it a most excellent means of ridding the country of an undesirable element.—*Tammany Tiger.*

A Problem

The proprietor of a tanyard was anxious to fix a suitable sign to his premises. Finally a happy thought struck him.

He bored a hole through the doorpost and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the tufted end outside.

After a while he saw a solemn-faced man standing near the door looking at the sign. The tanner watched him a minute, and then stepped out and addressed him.

"Good-morning, sir," he said.

"Good-morning," said the other, without taking his eyes off the sign.

"Do you want to buy leather?" asked the tanner.

"No."

"Perhaps you've got some hides to sell?"

"No."

"Are you a farmer?"

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"I am a philosopher. I've been standing here for nearly an hour, trying to find out how that calf got through that hole."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Prays for the Country

W. R. Stubbs, a leading Republican of Kansas, took his little son to Washington recently, and visited the Senate gallery with him. Rev. Edward Everett Hale especially interested the boy. Mr. Stubbs explained that Mr. Hale was the chaplain of the Senate. "Oh, he prays for the Senate, doesn't he?" asked the lad.

"No," replied Stubbs, "he gets up and takes a look at the Senate, and then prays for the country."—*New York Tribune.*

SHE: Is it true that Miss Blank is going to marry the Prince?

HE: Er—well, they have issued a denial of the story which contradicted the report as to the falsity of the rumor that the account was untrue.—*Brooklyn Life.*

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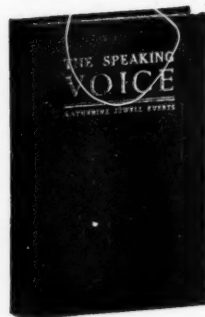
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THE SPEAKING VOICE

By KATHERINE JEWELL EVERTS

[From *The Outlook*]



AMERICANS may not have understood all that Mr. Henry James had to say about the defects of the speaking voice in this country, but they are beginning to recognize those defects and to understand the fundamental importance of right breathing, pure tones, full music of the vowels, clear definition of the consonants, and the charm of shading and emphasis, playing like light and shade over the entire vocal expression. One hears too many high, shrill, nervous voices in this country. Miss Everts' interesting and thoroughly usable book combines in rare degree the knowledge of the mechanism of the voice with skill in making practical suggestions for individual study. This most beautiful and expressive of instruments, as Miss Everts explains in her clear and practical presentation of *The Speaking Voice*, can be trained

at home, with a very moderate amount of work and expenditure of time. This training ought to be a part of the education of the home.

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What Is the Worst Novel of the Past Year? And Why?

Three Prizes, \$100, \$50, \$25.

TO the contributor who sends in the best answer to these questions, LIFE will give One Hundred Dollars.

To the contributor who sends in the second best answer, LIFE will give Fifty Dollars.

To the contributor who sends in the third best answer, LIFE will give Twenty-five Dollars.

CONDITIONS.

All manuscripts must be addressed to the Editor of LIFE, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York, and must be marked "Worst Novel Contest."

No contribution must exceed five hundred words in length. The shorter the better.

The name and address of the contributor must be written plainly on each manuscript.

LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of contributions, but where a stamped and addressed return envelope is inclosed, rejected manuscripts will be returned.

Each contestant may send in as many contributions as he or she desires.

The contest will close on February fifteenth, no manuscript received after noon of that day being considered.

The contest will be decided by the Editors of LIFE.

THERE is a proverb in Sanskrit that in the Kalijooa (the age of Iron) poverty covers all good qualities, and wealth covers all blemishes of a man. We the Hindoos believe that the late Rev. Orlando Harriman was undoubtedly a favorite son of God or his son Mr. Edward H. Harriman would have never risen to his present position. The father's prayers have been accepted by Him, and now it is left with his son Edward to fulfil the Divine will. We have in our younger days seen Mr. John de Ruckeffel attending the Baptist Church on every Sunday morning all the way walking from his house at the Fifth avenue. Irrespective of any judgment of any secular court, we are bound to say, and millions will agree with us, that we have seldom seen a more meek and humble Christian than him.

The above is taken from the *Indian Appeal*, a paper published in Calcutta.



AN OLD INFANT

American Manufacturer (on his way to claim Protection for his industry): Infant a bit old? Why, certainly! Guess he's my father's Old Infant!

The tariff proceedings before the Ways and Means Committee of the House have a familiar sound. Ninety per cent. of the witnesses appear to be, directly or indirectly, beneficiaries, and naturally no startling proposals for a reduction of the rates and duties have been made. I note among the witnesses some bearing the same names as those which figured twenty-five years ago, and in some instances those who give evidence are sons of former witnesses, who have inherited their fathers' businesses, which can scarcely longer be regarded as 'infant industries.'—*Times New York Correspondence, November 16, 1908.*
—From *Picture Politics*, London.

The Gillette is kind to the face. It is a fact that with the Gillette Safety Razor you can give yourself an easier, more satisfying shave than the best of barbers can give you.

With the GILLETTE—thousands of men shave themselves every morning whose faces would not stand the barber's work oftener than twice a week.

No stropping, no honing. Any man can use it. It is the one safety razor that is safe and it is the only razor that can be adjusted for a light or a close shave.

GILLETTE Blades are packed in handsome nickel-plated boxes, hermetically sealed, sanitary, damp-proof, anti-rust and antiseptic—*unaffected by a sea voyage or any climate.*

Price per set of 12 new blades (24 cutting edges), \$1.00.

Standard Set in velvet-lined, full leather case, with triple silver-plated handle and 12 New Process blades (24 cutting edges), price, \$5.00.

Combination Sets, with shaving brush, soap and little accessories—handy for the traveling bag, \$6.50 to \$50.00.

Canadian Office
63 St. Alexander St.
Montreal.

GILLETTE SALES CO. New York, Times Bldg.
Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg.
528 Kimball Building, Boston

Factories: Boston, Montreal, London, Berlin, Paris.

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING

Both Doing Their Duty

A woman reporter attached to a New York newspaper was once sent to obtain an "interview" with the late Bishop Potter. She made an appointment by telephone, but on account of other engagements was unable to be on time. However, when she arrived she found the Bishop ready to receive her. He cordially invited her to be seated, and inquired as to the exact nature of the desired information.

Then in a clear, direct manner he dictated his statement. After the reporter had finished writing, she courteously offered to read what she had written. The Bishop insisted that he knew that it was correct, and allowed it to go without hearing it.

As she rose to take leave, she said, graciously: "I thank you very much, and appreciate how much it means for a busy person like yourself to give your time to reporters."

Patting her on the shoulder in a fatherly manner, Bishop Potter replied:

"My dear woman, we are both earning our living."—*Youth's Companion.*

WOMEN—LADIES—MAIDS—GIRLS
"THE ROYAL ROAD TO BEAUTY"
Ask for Book V.
THOMPSON OF WORCESTER Worcester, Mass.

Liqueur Pères Chartreux

GREEN
AND
YELLOW

GREEN
AND
YELLOW



The original and genuine Chartreuse has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world renowned product is nowadays known as "Liqueur Pères Chartreux."

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Bâtjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N.Y.
Sole Agents for United States.



Unnecessary Noises

The celebrated soprano was in the middle of her solo when little Johnny said to his mother, referring to the conductor of the orchestra, "Why does that man hit at the woman with his stick?"

"He is not hitting at her," replied his mother. "Keep quiet."

"Well, then, what is she hollerin' so for?"—*Success.*

A LAWYER once asked a man who had at various times sat on several juries, "Who influenced you most, the lawyers, the witnesses, or the judge?" This was the man's reply: "I tell yer, sir, 'ow I makes up my mind. I'm a plain man, and a reasonin' man, and I ain't influenced by anything the lawyers say, nor by what the witnesses say—no, nor by what the judge says. I just looks at the man in the dock, and I says, 'If he ain't done nothing, why's he there?' And I brings 'em all in guilty."—*Bell-man.*

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"It's purity has made it famous"

Spilman Mixture Cigarettes

Different from All Others

Box of 10, 25c; 50, \$1.25; 100, \$2.25; Plain or cork tipped. If not at your dealers we send prepaid upon receipt of price.
E. Hoffman Company, Mfrs., 179 Madison St., Chicago.

Mrs. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, at a dinner in Cincinnati, told a quaint story about a precocious boy. "They are very precocious, indeed," she said, "those little chaps from Eton or Rugby, with their round, sober faces and their quiet air. A very pretty American girl was talking one evening in London to one of these urchins. 'And have you got a sweetheart yet, Tommy?' she said, playfully. 'No,' said Tommy; 'still, I'm game enough for a bit of spooning, if that's what you're after.'"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.


His Object

Most of us are acquainted with the person who asks obvious questions—the sort of man who stops you in the middle of a headlong rush and asks you if you are in a hurry. Mr. E is one of the pests and during a walk abroad the other morning he paused in astonishment outside a friend's house. Before it stood three huge moving vans; the lawn was almost covered with articles of furniture of various sorts—pictures, wardrobes and china. And there was his old friend B., begrimed, weary and ill-tempered, directing operations in his shirt-sleeves.

"What, B.," exclaimed Mr. E., "are you moving?"

"Not at all—not at all," snapped B., with elaborate sarcasm, "I'm taking my furniture out for a ride!"—*Independent.*

Good lubrication is essential to the life of an Automobile.
Use **PANHARD OIL**
It's standard.



PHILIP MORRIS

ORIGINAL LONDON

CIGARETTES

Anywhere and everywhere, they're always the proper thing to smoke.

CAMBRIDGE
the regular size

AMBASSADOR
after-dinner size

In Little Brown Boxes

A Club Cocktail Is A Bottled Delight

—a mixed-to-measure blend of fine old liquors aged to a wonderful mellowness. Once drink CLUB COCKTAILS and you'll never want the guess-work kind again.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whisky base) are the most popular. Get a bottle from your dealer.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.



HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

The Automobile in Minnesota

We took a spin with Johnson the other day aboard his automobile. It is a powerful beast with four pairs of battle lanterns and a turtle shaped deck, a voice like a wild gander, and darts along the road with a sound of an approaching downpour. There is the strength of twenty-five horses in the engines, and a ride on one of its cushions does not remind us of anything, for we never had one like it before. Its brazen entrails give out a vicious hiss as if ready to burst with power. It gives the feeling that man has gone beyond his rights and created a brazen monster to annihilate time and distance. —*Bronson Budget.*



A MISTY NIGHT

"WHERE AM I?"
"SIXTH AVENUE."
"AH MEAN, WHAT TOWN?"

LIFE'S LETTER BOX



From a Representative Texan

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Sir:—That was a very fine article of yours on President Roosevelt and Pulitzer. Occasionally you write a good thing. I take you, like I do shad, when the bones get in my throat I reject them, but keep on eating shad.

I have been reading LIFE for 25 years, and was one of the first subscribers, taking it while I was a student at Princeton University in 1880. I am a great admirer of Roosevelt, and was brought into close touch with him last May when I represented Texas at the Governors' Conference in Washington, and if you will write a few more editorials like that, we shall be in perfect accord.

Yours sincerely,

W. GOODRICH JONES.

TEMPLE, TEXAS, January 6, 1909.

Concerning the Newspaper Scribbler

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Sir:—While your noble and dignified attitude toward medical science in a general way must be a source of keen satisfaction to every fair-minded man and woman who have acquired a little more than rudimentary knowledge of natural history, your cartoon in the December 31st

TRADE MARK
REGISTERED



**"Our Kitchen, Always
Open to Visitors,
is Our Best
Advertisement."**

Between the lines you read:
"What can be seen can be believed."

A visit to our kitchen will convince you that in the making of soups we stand first and foremost, whether the point of view be cleanliness, thoroughness, quality, purity or flavor.

We would like you to pay us a visit. If unable to do so, write for our illustrated, descriptive book, sent free on request.

21 kinds sold by Grocers everywhere
in Quart, Pint and Half-Pint Tins.

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.
JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS, N. J.

58th ANNUAL STATEMENT OF

THE MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

NEW YORK

HENRY B. STOKES

President

Total Payments to Policyholders Since Organization Plus Amount Now
Held For Their Benefit

\$82,076,713.42

ADMITTED ASSETS JANUARY 1st, 1909

Bonds and Stocks owned by Company.....	\$3,101,222.96
Bonds and Mortgages, first lien (Fire Ins. \$7,860,750).....	8,240,075.00
Real Estate owned by Company.....	5,299,700.00
Loans and Liens on Policies in force.....	2,820,829.76
Cash in Bank and on hand.....	810,505.70
Net Deferred Premiums and Premiums in Course of Collection.....	156,421.49
Interest and Rents due and accrued and all other Assets.....	253,536.32
	\$20,682,291.23

LIABILITIES

Policy Reserve (as Computed by New York Insurance Department).....	\$18,377,681.00
All other liabilities.....	274,385.15
AMOUNT TO PROVIDE FOR ANY POSSIBLE DEPRECIATION OR OTHER CONTINGENCIES.....	50,000.00
CONTINGENT RESERVE FUND.....	*1,980,225.08
	\$20,682,291.23

*THE CONTINGENT RESERVE FUND ON THE BASIS OF THE N. Y. INS.
DEPT'S VALUATION OF REAL ESTATE IS \$2,298,484.08

This Company is one of the strongest

Increase in Assets of - - - - - \$516,495

Increase in Contingent Reserve Fund of - - - - - \$125,180

Increase in New Insurance Written and Paid for
Lowest Participating Rates Consistent With Safety
Large Annual Dividends

copy of LIFE appropriately labeled "Every Dog Should Have His Day," will undoubtedly inspire your readers to a more aggressive policy against the medical men.

Not only should our wrath be directed against these imposters professing to have better insight into the human body and its imperfections than the average newspaper scribbler, but it should include trained nurses who invariably assist in these gruesome operations; also those gentlemen of the laity interested in relief and hospital work.

Would it not be feasible for you to formulate a platform as the basis for opening a campaign against physicians and their assistants, with the purpose of ultimately closing medical schools, hospitals and exiling all those who cannot be reformed to your standard of physiology and natural science.

Splendid use could then be made of the funds now being expended for general sanitation and enterprises to alleviate human sufferings and distress in every walk of life under all conditions by erecting monuments to those dogs, cats, guinea pigs, rats, snakes, etc., which have died a martyr's death at the hands of these ruthless men. But before we come to this advanced state of true civilization, let me suggest that you give due credit to those other animals, besides the dog, used for vivisectional purposes, by immortalizing them in a cartoon similar to your latest highly æsthetic production.

Would it not be appropriate to include oxen, cows, pigs, etc., killed daily in enormous numbers in order to provide the needs and luxuries of mankind?

Yours truly,

WALTER RACHALS.

PITTSBURG, PA., CRAFTON STATION,
January 3, 1909.

The "Catholic" Church

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Sir:—Will you give me a little space in your paper? In your issue, December 31, 1908, you printed a letter written by J. S. Clark, in which the Catholic Church is mentioned. Probably the Roman Church was meant by the writer, and

Continued on page 140.

IF YOU WISH TO SUBSCRIBE to only One Magazine, careful investigation will show you that the METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

should be that one; so thoroughly American is it, so vital, and so varied. If, however, you require several, we, as agents, are able to secure for you, as one of our patrons, what you wish, together with the METROPOLITAN, at wonderfully low rates. We venture to call to your attention a few of these combinations:

CLASS "A"	Reg. Price Per Year	The METROPOLITAN and any one magazine in Class "A" for.....	\$1.65
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Cosmopolitan Magazine.....	1.00	The METROPOLITAN and any one magazine in Class "A" and any one in Class "B" for.....	\$3.00
Garden Magazine.....	1.00		
Good Health.....	1.00		
Uncle Remus's Home Magazine	1.00		
National Food Magazine.....	1.00		
*Woman's Home Companion.....	1.25		

CLASS "B"	Reg. Price Per Year	The METROPOLITAN and one Class "A" and one Class "IV" for...	\$2.65
Army and Navy Life.....	\$1.50	The METROPOLITAN and any one in Class "B" for.....	\$2.35
House and Garden.....	3.00		
Independent.....	2.00		
Outing.....	3.00		
Short Stories.....	1.50		

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Pacific Monthly.....	1.50	The METROPOLITAN and any one in Class "IV" for.....	\$2.00
Photo-Era.....	1.50		
Travel.....	1.50		
Technical World.....	1.50		
World To-day.....	1.50		

SPECIAL! METROPOLITAN, WORLD'S WORK and DELINEATOR, \$3.00

THE METROPOLITAN with	American Education.....	\$2.00
	The Housekeeper and The Reliable Poultry Journal	1.70
	Lippincott's Magazine.....	2.75

SPECIAL! METROPOLITAN, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, McCLURE'S, \$2.50

Any of the Publications in this list may be added at the price quoted.

CENTURY.....	\$3.85
HARPER'S MONTHLY.....	3.50
LITERARY DIGEST.....	3.00
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.....	1.50
MUNSEY'S.....	1.00
SCRIBNER'S.....	3.00
SATURDAY EVENING POST.....	1.50
YOUTH'S COMPANION.....	1.75

THE METROPOLITAN \$1.50	THE METROPOLITAN \$1.50
EVERYBODY'S . . . 1.50	WORLD'S WORK . . . 3.00
THE DELINEATOR . . . 1.00	EVERYBODY'S . . . 1.50
\$4.00	\$6.00
\$2.50	\$3.25

SPECIAL! METROPOLITAN, PICTORIAL REVIEW and HAMPTON'S BROADWAY
Regular Price \$4.00, Our Price \$2.00

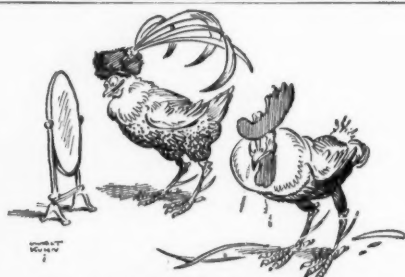
* Twenty-five cents must be added to all clubs containing Woman's Home Companion if ordered after February 1st, 1909.

If you do not find in the above clubbing offers the combination which you desire, write to us exactly what you wish and we will quote you the lowest possible price for such a combination.

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THIS OFFER CANCELS AND TAKES PRECEDENCE OVER ALL PREVIOUS OFFERS MADE BY US



LOVE'S SACRIFICE FOR FASHION'S SAKE!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY is certainly doing his share for children this Christmas. The "Orphan Annie Book," illustrated by Ethel Franklin Betts, is for small people, but the adult who can read it without delight ought to be placed under restraint. It is inscribed:

To all the little children:—The happy ones, and sad ones;
The sober and the silent ones; the courteous and glad ones;
The good ones—yes, the good ones, too; and all the lovely bad ones. —Argonaut.

WHY NOT BE AN ARTIST?

Our graduates are filling High Salaried Positions. Good artists

EARN \$25 TO \$100 PER WEEK

and upwards, in easy fascinating work. Our courses of Personal Home Instruction by correspondence, are complete, practical. Eleven years' successful teaching. Expert instructors. Positions guaranteed competent workers. Write for Handsome Art Book, Free.

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART (Founded 1898.)
N-83 Gallery Fine Arts, Battle Creek, Mich.

Life's Letter Box

Continued from page 139.

perhaps he does not realize that the Anglican Church is Catholic. Yours truly,
JANUARY 3, 1909. CHURCHMAN.

Still More About It

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:
Sir:—In re a letter from Mr. J. S. Clark, of Bluefield, W. Va., dated December 12, 1908, regarding "Divorce and the Catholic Church." The writer has always found LIFE fair-minded, and wishes to call attention to the fact that as Mr. Clark states the priests of the Roman Catholic Church were allowed to marry at one time, and at this time marriage is still allowed in a certain district, and a priest sent from there to Pennsylvania not very long ago was refused admission to the house of the bishop of the diocese, when it was discovered that the aforesaid priest was a married man.

The writer is also acquainted personally with two couples where divorces were granted by the courts of the State of New York and the Pope of Rome lent his sanction.

Just what the Pope had to do with these cases has never been apparent to the writer, but our courts had certainly jurisdiction.

Very truly,
ALBANY, N. Y., January 4, 1909. JOHN S. WHITMORE.

Pensions

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:
Sir:—Your comment on the increase of pensions, amounting to nearly \$30,000,000 during the year past, leaves out of consideration two vital facts. You say:

"War is certainly a great force, when forty years after, one hundred and seventy-five millions a year have to be spent on people whom some one or other may be, supposes had something to do with it."

The increase does not come from survivors of the War of the Rebellion "forty years after," but from soldiers of the Spanish-American War, and of the almost continuous warfare since in the Philippines. This little city sent out one company during the Spanish-American War. Its entire experience was confined to peaceful camps in Ohio, Virginia and Pennsylvania, and yet I am told by a pension attorney that more than 50 per cent. of its members are now receiving pensions.

Horrible, indeed, must be the ravages of camp life! If a similar condition exists all over the country, the increased pensions expenditure may be readily accounted for without reference to the veterans who fought under Grant, Logan, Sherman and Sheridan.

Very truly,
W. G. SIBLEY.

GALLIPOLIS, OHIO, Jan. 8, 1909.

Thanks, Neighbor

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:
Sir:—We think your Letter Box idea is fine, because we now know that LIFE likes to hear

Continued on page 141.

THREE BRIDGE RUBBERS

The Best Score Pad Made.
Twenty-five Cents Each at All Dealers.

Life's Letter Box

(Continued from page 140)

from its friends, and LIFE knows that we like to write and say friendly things, and there you are. We don't, of course, all expect to get our letters printed, as this is for grown ups, and is no Santa Claus page in a daily paper; and then, too, we know that space in LIFE's pages is valuable, as anybody can learn for themselves by asking for a little space to tell ignorant people of such luxuries as chewing gum or soap.

Candidly, we like LIFE very much down in Dear Old Georgia, even if Mr. Metcalfe makes such unfeeling remarks as, when reviewing "The Warrens," he speaks of it as a play "of the rebellion." Now, we suppose Mr. Metcalfe means well, but he is thoughtless. We are not rebels and we never have been, and he hurts our feelings when he calls names. If he came here we would give him a drink and say something more pleasant.

But we have a toast on our mind which we have written to LIFE, which may be bad, but it fits our feelings just now, and we are going to give it, and nobody need guess the section of country it hails from:

Old Georgia Corn, whose amber-tinted juice
Dispels all gloom and does to joy conduce—
Paints May-day pictures in a wintry sky—
A long farewell to care, to every sigh;
Here's bumps to all this earthly strife—
A toast to Laughter, Love and LIFE!
Come down and see us some time.

Yours very truly, MARTINE L. HARMSSEN.
ATLANTA, GA., Jan. 2.

The Cocoa of Supreme Quality



Maillard's Differs from other
Breakfast cocoas—in flavor,
Cocoa fragrance, smooth-
ness, refreshing and sustaining quali-
ties, Maillard's Cocoa is unsurpassed.
One cup is a light lunch in itself.

Maillard's delights by its rare
Vanilla aroma and rich
Chocolate flavor—the true
vanilla bean only is used.

At all Leading Grocers

Maillard's
NEW YORK

Fifth Ave. and 35th Street, New York.

The Ladies' Restaurant is a popular
Luncheon resort—"afternoon tea"
served from 3 to 6 P. M.

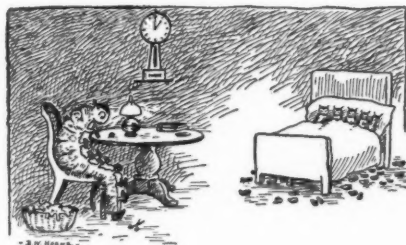
"ABSENT-MINDED, is she?" "I should say so.
She's the kind of woman who would go to a
bridge-party without her rings."—Bellman.

"Did a man ever kiss you against your will?"
"No; but some have thought they did."—
Brooklyn Life.



JOHN JAMESON WHISKY

For Sale Everywhere.
W. A. TAYLOR & CO.,
Sole Agents. New York.



"IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND"



"Oh Be Jolly"

Satisfying, stimulating, strengthening. P. B. Lager embodies all
the qualities which give to a pure beer a real health value. Just pure
malt and hops made into a perfect beverage by perfect brewing.

At leading Hotels, Restaurants and Cafes

A. G. VAN NOSTRAND, Bunker Hill Breweries
Boston, Mass.

HANS came in from his ranch, two miles from
Olney, to buy a horse. "I've got the very thing
you want," said Ike Bergman; "it's a fine road
horse, five years old, sound as a quail, \$175 cash
down, and he goes ten miles without stopping."
Hans threw up his hands skyward. "Not for
me," he said—"not for me. I wouldn't gif you
five cents for him. I live eight miles from As-
toria, and I'd haf to walk back two miles."—
Argonaut.

Directions for Washing AMERICAN HOSIERY Underwear

UNSHRINKABLE

Merino or Mixtures

AFTER soaking an hour in warm
water, wash carefully, rubbing
as little as possible, and never on a
washboard.

Use no strong laundry soap, soda,
chemicals, or washing compounds.
A neutral soap (without excess of
alkali) is best.

The water for washing and rinsing
should not be too hot—not over 110
degrees.

Dry quickly, stretch the garment
into shape, and iron when slightly
damp.

Nine Highest Awards.

Be sure
this label
is on the
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"NO BETTER
IN THE WORLD"
AMERICAN HOSIERY
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For men, women and children.
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the plain truth about the Best Seeds that can be
Grown. Do you want a copy? If so address **BURPEE, Philadelphia**

How to Serve Grape Fruit

IMPORTANT TO SEE THAT IT IS ABBOTT'S BITTERS

A new and better way. Remove core, loosen fruit from
the peel, add a teaspoonful of ABBOTT'S BITTERS to
half a grape fruit and sugar to suit taste. Gives exquisite
flavor and adds greatly to the appetizing and tonic effect
of the fruit. Every lover of good things will enjoy grape
fruit served in this manner.

Two stories of
exceptional worth by the brilliant
contributor to Life

MRS. WILSON WOODROW

The New Missioner

A strong, human, sincere story of a woman's work and her renunciation of a man's love to continue unhampered her spiritual labors in the Western community of Zenith. This uncommonly brilliant novel will provide much food for thought. Illustrations, \$1.50.

The Bird of Time

A series of scintillating conversations that will appeal to the cultured woman. A group of agreeable characters, amid charming surroundings, discuss topics of essential interest to women, such as IS LOVE ENOUGH? and A GAME OF BRIDGE, all bound together by a delightful love-story. Net, \$1.00 (postage 10c.).

COUNTRY LIES IN AMERICA THE WORLD'S WORK THE GARDEN MAGAZINE
DOUBLEDAY PAGE & CO. NEW YORK.

ROUND THE WORLD The Boston Travel Society
\$1425 Old World Journeys
Remarkable Four Months' Tours; Magnificent Steamships; First Class throughout.
Boylston and Berkeley Sts., Boston, Mass.

Something Wrong With It

Admiral Robley Evans tells the following story against himself. He had a Congressman for a guest, and, having run out of his favorite brand of whiskey, made up with some he could not guarantee. He explained this, and added:

"Here, however, is some brandy that I've kept untouched for a good deal more than twenty years."

"Hand me over the whiskey decanter," was the rejoinder.

"Why?" asked the Admiral. "What's the matter with the brandy?"

"That's what I want to know, Bob," said the guest; "but if you have had it untouched in your possession for more than twenty years, there must be something pretty bad the matter with it."—*Tit-Bits.*

CLARK'S CRUISE OF THE "ARABIC."
16,000 tons, fine, large, unusually steady.

TO THE ORIENT

February 4 to April 17, 1909.

Seventy-two days, costing only \$400.00 and up, including shore excursions. SPECIAL FEATURES: Madeira, Cadiz, Seville, Algiers, Malta, 10 days in Egypt and the Holy Land. Constantinople, Athens, Rome, the Riviera, etc. Cruise Round the World, Oct. 16, 1909. 20 TOURS TO EUROPE \$250 up.
F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., New York

Man, Mere Man

Flattery is a counterfeit that vanity cashes. Publicly to praise a noble deed is to take part in it.

The average man feels innocent of any crime of which he cannot be convicted.

A wise and brave man may thrive on ill-luck; a fool may drift to disaster on a tide of fortune.
—PETER PRY SHEVLIN in Lippincott's.

PROFESSOR (at chemistry examination): Under what combination is gold released most quickly?
STUDENT: Marriage.—*Success.*

KENILWORTH INN

BILTMORE, N. C.

30 hours from New York.
Adjoins Geo. Vanderbilt's famous estate. Always Open. New management. Ideal climate. Riding, Driving, Golf, Tennis.
NO CONSUMPTIVES.

Latest Books

Florida Enchantments, by A. W. and Julian A. Dimock. (Outing Publ. Co. \$3.00.)

Victoria Regina, by Fitzgerald Molloy. (Dodd, Mead & Co. 2 vols., \$6.50.)

Debs; His Life, Writings and Speeches. (Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas.)

Miss Betty, of New York, by Ellen Douglas Deland. (Harper & Bros. \$1.25.)

Carla Wenckebach, Pioneer, by Margarethe Muller. (Ginn & Co., Boston, Mass.)

The Ruby of Kishmoor, by Howard Pyle. (Harper & Bros. \$1.00.)

A Prisoner of the Sea, by Chauncey C. Hotchkiss. (The John McBride Co.)

Around Porto Rico

The special tours of the New York & Porto Rico Steamship Co. occupy three weeks, and are ideal yachting excursions on summer seas. The steamers have every convenience, with only outside staterooms. They circle the entire island and stop at many interesting and historic localities. The ship is the tourist's hotel during the entire trip, so that the labor and inconvenience of land travel is avoided. The special tourist rate for this cruise is \$140, which includes every expense. Write for illustrated booklet.

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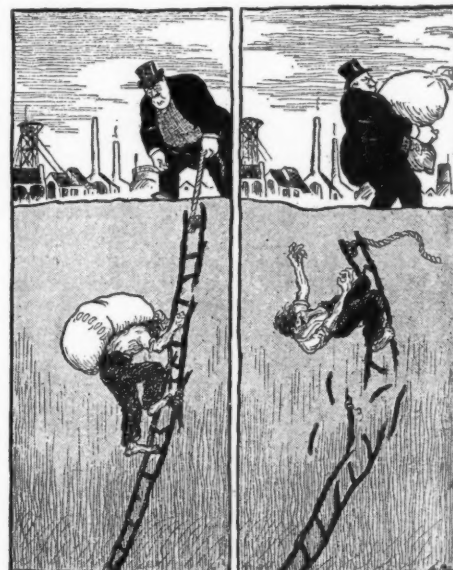
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Friendship vs. Fact

A Chinaman of noble birth had been invited to dine at William's home. His mother was very anxious that the guest should not be made uncomfortable by the little chap's curiosity, so she took him aside and explained all about the yellow skin, long braid of hair and almond eyes of the Mongolians, and even showed him pictures of Chinamen. She impressed upon him more than anything else the fact that the visitor was his father's friend and was to be treated with respect. Upon the Celestial's arrival, William tried hard not to stare or look too curious, and succeeded in being very quiet for some time, when, much to the surprise of his mother and the amusement of the Chinaman, he called out: "Mamma, if he wasn't our friend, wouldn't he be funny?"—*The Bellman.*

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A Little Sketch After Arthur C. Benson

I declare it seems to me there are few people so refreshing and interesting as I am, and so I am going to try to tell you, in a perfectly simple and natural way, something about myself. I am sitting here very quietly at my desk; and as I look out of the window, I can see the rear of Hampden Hall and the side of the new garage tranquilly bathed in the full light of the afternoon sun. At one side of the drive runs a wide strip of grass. When I see it in the summer time it is so green and fresh, but now it lies all dead and brown, half smothered under the crust of ice and snow that fringes the road. I know it is a little thing, and yet one feels that there is a great deal of meaning in this little plot of grass, if one could only see it. There it lies—a fragment of Nature herself placed in this unrestful scene of brick walls and pavements. Often, for a brief time, a glint of sunshine will fall upon it; more often it lies in shadow. But in all the changes of heat and cold, it grows



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Goode St. Valentyne. His Daye is Feb. XIV.

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Are closest linked
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AS HIS SISTER'S BEAU SEES HIM

there very cheerfully, and seems to view the world about it quite happily, with a kind of sweet tranquility. I think it is often so in life; for in the hurry and rush of existence, we long to get away from irritable people and to live more simply and naturally. I do not think that I am morbid, but there is a sincerity and gentleness about this little view of mine which I find very moving. As I look farther across the yard, I find a different scene. Some ash-cans are standing there, twelve or fourteen of them in uneven row. A little while ago they were full; but all their store has just been removed, taken away they do not know where, and they seem to me to look a little bewildered, as they huddle sadly against the gray wall. As I look at them with a full heart, I cannot help feeling that some day, perhaps not very far off, how many of us will stand apart, our usefulness outlived. And yet there is a sort of serene resignation about them. They stand quite peacefully together, as the sunlight falls upon them, and casts in the distance their lengthening shadows. As the quiet yellow light of evening fades, I look out again from my window. I do not think that I am morbid, but I feel a mood of vague melancholy and wistful mystery, and, as twilight closes in, I turn once more with a sigh to my work.—
J. T. ADDISON in the *Harvard Advocate*.

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THE KING OF ROUMANIA

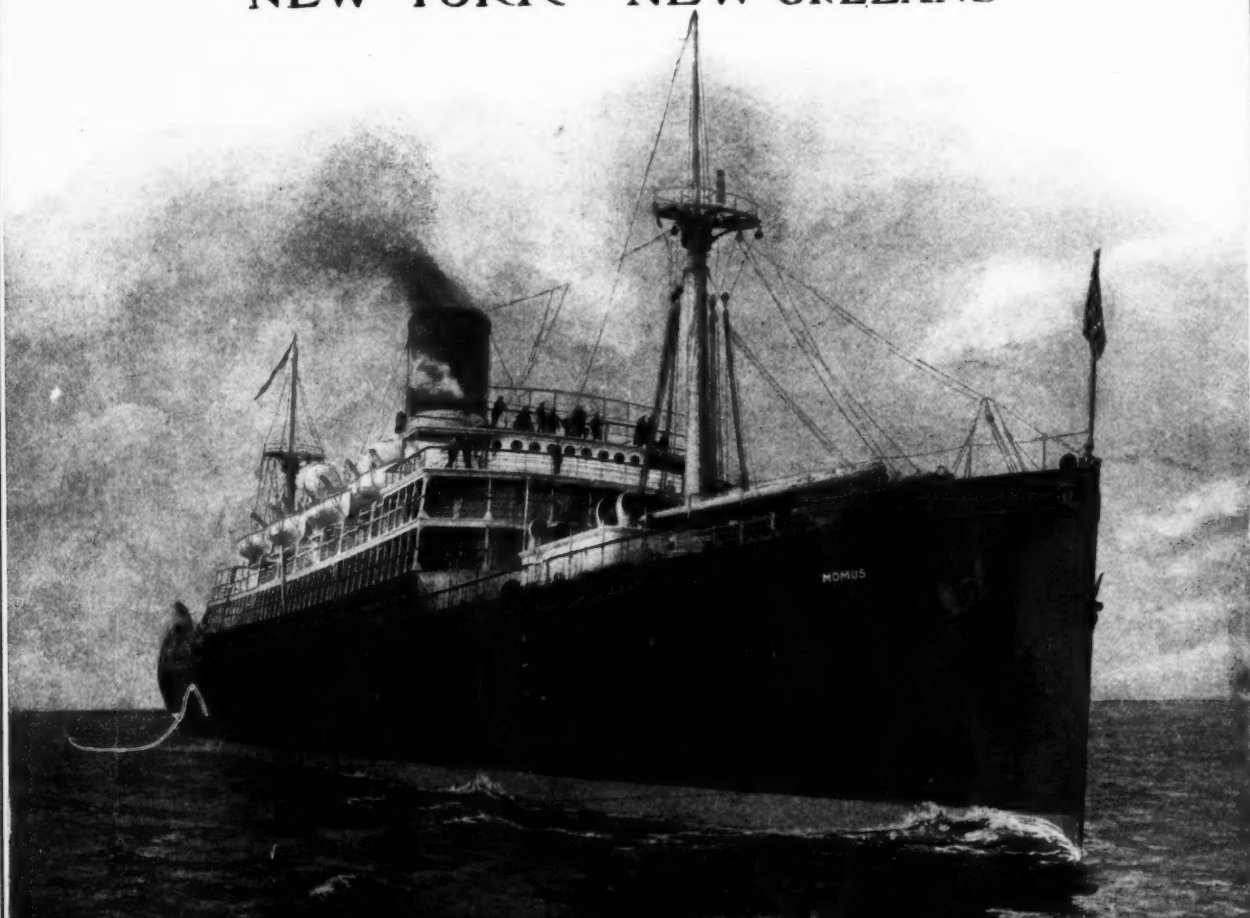
21

Then up spake the King of Roumania,
"My queen has acquired a newmania
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The latest of fads."
I swear from the start she grew brainier."

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